

## Biography of Eliza Catherine Mann Rudd (1836-1933)

[pg. 1]

date of Death: last page, addended. [top notation]

ob. [side notation]

### **Eliza Catharine Mann Rudd**

I was born in Clarksville, Tennessee, June 3, 1836. They named me Eliza for father's sister and Catherine for my grandmother Mann.

So many years have elapsed and life has been so full of cares and other interests that I have forgotten many things that have happened and who were some of my more remote ancestors.

Grandparents on father's side were Joel Mann and Catharine Black. They came from Lynchburg, Virginia.

Grandparents on mother's side were Alexander Rose and Mary Buchanan. They lived in North Carolina, later moving to Tennessee.

Great Grandfather Rose was a Scotchman who came over here from Scotland. He could not talk good English. I remember my grandmother telling me that his favorite bit of advice was, "Act wael yer pint and there yer honor lie."

Grandfather Alexander Rose died leaving his wife with nine children, seven girls and two boys. One son worked the farm and grandmother and daughters, with a negro woman called Nancy, kept the house. Nancy had been with grandmother most of her life and was almost as old as she.

My father was Christopher Mann and my mother was Elmeny Rose. They lived in Tennessee. My people were most all farmers. They had only the two children, Thomas, who was 18 months younger than myself.

Mother died when I was three years old and grandmother Rose came to live with and take care of us. Soon after mother's death we went to Arkansas. We went on a steamboat to Spadra Bluffs, where boats landed. Spadra Bluffs was four miles from Clarksville, Arkansas, which was not far from Little Rock, where people bought most of their supplies.

We then went to Clarksville, where mother's brother Mareau Rose lived. He gave us a house across the street from his, to live in.

Mareau owned a store, the first store in Clarksville, which was only a very little place, at this time. Farming was the chief occupation.

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Very soon after we came, father left us with grandmother and went to Mississippi to visit his mother, sisters and brother. He was gone several months.

In a year or two, grandmother married again; married John Ward. He had a farm, some negroes and was fairly prosperous. She then took Thomas and me to live with them.

Father married again when I was five years old, we then went to live with him and our new mother, who was always very kind to us.

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Six children were born to them. Mary, John, William, Virginia, Joel, and Martha; all lived to be grown except Virginia, who died when she was fourteen.

I was about twenty one when father died. My step mother never married again. When Martha, the youngest daughter married, she lived with her until her death.

Martha married Felix Garrett, she lived all her life in Clarksville, death coming to her in the spring of 1932.

I lived and played like most other children. Had but few toys in those days of a sparsely settled country. Had one "store doll", which I took very good care of and kept a long time.

We had few amusements and not what the children of today have. I went to quilting bees, along with my grandmother or step mother, where we spent the day. Went to church, sometimes riding behind grandmother on horseback. We lived in the country and once a month, a minister called the "Circuit Rider" came out to preach to the people.

When I was seven years old, was baptized and when twelve, joined the Methodist Church.

My dresses were mostly cotton or worsted. Cotton cloth was much heavier than it is today.

Women spun and made cloth in those days and when I was eight I learned to spin and spun enough thread to make me a dress.

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Went to school in Clarksville, staying with grandmother and Nancy, the colored woman. I loved Nancy, for she'd had most of the care of me during childhood.

My first suitor was a young man by the name of Lorenzo Swaggerty; his father was a merchant. Father was opposed to my marrying him, so he went to California during the gold rush and did not return until after I was married.

Father moved from the country to Clarksville, built a house there. It was frame painted white and had green window shutters. It was in this house that I met my future husband, William Mann Rudd.

William was born in Tennessee, September 27, 1827. When he was seven years old, his parents moved from Tennessee to Carroll County Arkansas. This was a new country just being settled. After he was grown he came to Clarksville and worked in a wagon maker's shop.

We were married in father's home the evening of November 10, 1855. Friends and relatives were invited to the wedding and the wedding supper. My wedding dress was white swiss. We lived in father's home for three months then moved into a home of our own. To our union twelve children were born. Later we moved to Washington County.

When William was growing up he learned the tanner's trade. He rented a tan yard from Merrill Ruth, who had many negros, having heard talk of the freeing of slaves, he wished to go to Texas, hoping he could keep them.

We had three children when the Civil War came up. We were living four miles from Fayetteville, a Federal Post.

Several years before the war, some one gave my husband a book - Sam Baldwin's "Armageddon", in which the writer prophesied there would be two presidents in the United States at the same time, and

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war between the North and South. When he came to his [this] part of the book, he laid it down saying he did not believe it, and so did not finish the book; but later when the prophesy came true, he hunted another copy and finished reading it.

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There were only three men left in our neighborhood, the rest had gone to war. William was down with rheumatism and could not go.

I remember an attack at Fayetteville, the shots for a few minutes sounded like popcorn. We could hear the canon, in a battle at Cross Hollows, about twenty or thirty miles away.

There were a lot of men who joined neither army, some of them got together and went out about sixty miles. They would not work but would plunder, destroy and even commit murder. These men were called bushwhackers.

There was an old man whose name was Kemp, he was fairly prosperous, had property and stock. Two of these men came to his house, on day and after inviting them to have some supper with himself and family they told him they had come to kill him; shot him right there in his own yard.

One night two men came to our house and called to my husband to come out. I met them at the door and told them he could not come out. They threatened to kill him and to burn the house. I said "No, you are too much the gentlemen to do such a thing." After considerable talk, they told me if we would give them two hundred dollars they would leave. I told them we did not have that much. I got five dollars, all we had in the house, but there was more hidden outside, under a big rock, gave them the five dollars which they took and rode away.

The next morning they went to a neighbor's house, made the same threats and received the two hundred dollars.

During the war some people lived about a mile from us. The husband had joined the brushwhackers [bushwhackers] and left home. One Sunday morning he came back to see how his family was getting along, leaving again that evening. Some Federals hearing of his visit, expected him to remain over night so went to watch around the place. The wife, hearing footsteps remarked to her young son that some one was outside. A shot was fired in the direction of her voice. The bullet hit her and fell into a dresser drawer. She sent her son to tell a neighbor she was shot. The neighbors came over and did all they could for her, but she died the next day. Word was sent to her husband. He returned with several men and buried her.

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My Brother Thomas went to war, when he was twenty one, He was in the Cavalry. He said he did not know why he was not killed because there were times when the bullets came so thick it would seem as if he could but wave his hat around and get it full of bullets. He went through the war and lived to be an old man.

Albert Pike who was a Brigadier-general in the Civil War, was a cousin of William's.

We suffered the most while living in Washington County. Federal soldiers took or destroyed most every thing we had. Times were so hard we decided to move to Carroll County where William's people lived. This part of the state being further away from general activities, they managed to keep their crops, stock etc. We went there to get something to live on. After the war closed, we secured a home

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there and again got a start.

There William began his medical education. He practiced eight or ten years in Arkansas. They were very busy years, going all most day and night on his horse, with "pill pockets" behind him.

William had always wanted to go West. Wanted to go to a new country, get a new start and let his children grow up with the new country. He had been trying for some to get all the information he could about the West. He happened to get a paper "The Prescott Courier", from Prescott, Arizona. He wrote the Editor asking for information and was sent a little pamphlet describing briefly the six counties of the territory of Arizona. These were Yavapai, Maricopa, Mohave, Pima, Yuma and Pinal.

He decided that Arizona was the place he wanted to go. Quite naturally I did not share his desire. We had been through so many hardships and so much suffering, during the war, that to break up our home leave the place and people we loved, to go so far away into a new and to us unknown country, the thought of which seemed more than I could endure; but I made up my mind to leave it to the will of God to guide us and to lean upon his power to sustain. And so we began making our plans to go to the Gila in Arizona.

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We were two months getting ready. We made a large tent and some wagon covers. Having no machine I did the stitching by hand. We took on this journey only our real needs. Bedding, feather beds of course, as people thought they could sleep on nothing else, clothes, food and cooking utensils. No furniture as there would be no room for extras, though I slipped in a favorite mirror, one of the wedding presents my father had given me. William took a few of his best books of course all of his medical books.

We wanted to take plenty of food, such as flour, cornmeal, coffee, sugar, bacon, a few dried vegetables and a great deal of dried fruit.

The day of leaving came all too soon. With tearful good-bys to friends and relatives, whom we felt we might never see again, we started early one morning, from Carroll County, in April 1876.

We had three wagons, drawn by oxen, as people told us that oxen could go longer without water than horses, forty head of cattle and six horses. William's brother Jim, and his family, went along and he drove a horse team. We were joined by the Jackson and Bush families. With the Bush family, came a young school master, Conway Bunch.

The first day we traveled eight miles, the next we organized. At one time William and nineteen others took a trip prospecting for gold, on the Red Fork of the Arkansas River, having heard there was gold here, bur fear of Indians turned them back, so he got no gold but good experience. Because of this previous experience he was elected leader of the train.

On a smoky dun, seventeen hands high - named Pompa - he rode horseback all the way at the head of the train, seeking out the best route.

Many times he had gone far ahead of the train or may be ridden out on some distant knoll searching the country, as far as the eye could see. I grew frightened and terribly worried thinking of Indians or other dangers that might be lurking around.

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Other families joined us in Kansas. There were in all, twenty one wagons and two hundred head of cattle. The men on horses drove the cattle. A good day's drive, with no trouble, we could make about twenty miles. We travelled until we found a good place to camp, with water. Some days it might be ten o'clock at night before we made camp.

We camped in "formation", that is placing the wagons in a circle for protection. The men took turns keeping guard at night. Some slept in tents, some in wagons. We went to bed early and got up at daylight.

The women did the cooking. Cows were milked at night, the milk strained and put into a churn. Sometimes the motion of the wagon would churn the milk into butter.

The different wagons took turns being in the lead. The lead wagon would drop back next day to the end of the train.

Fuel to cook with was often scarce. We used what ever we could find. Dry weeds, wood, and sometimes a little coal, though that was not so good in an open fire. In the buffalo country we burned dried buffalo chips.

At night we had fire light, a few lanterns and candles. We had molded up a lot of candles before starting on the trip. Sunday was kept as a day of rest both for ourselves and the stock. Sometimes in the evening we would get together and visit or sing. We stopped half day each week to do the family wash.

In Kansas we stopped a week. One of the women gave birth to a child, William being the only doctor in the train, was the attending physician.

There we saw the first buffalo. Killed some and dried the meat. We gathered wild plums along the way.

We met cattlemen and hunters and inquired further directions. Travelled two weeks at one time up the Cimarron River without seeing a human being, other than those of our train.

We travelled by compass; sometimes the roads were good, sometimes bad, and again so faint we would have to search out our way across country.

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We were always fearful of but had no trouble with Indians, though we saw signs of them. It so happened that at this time the Indians were off fighting in the Black Hills, It was about this time that General Custer was killed by the Sioux under Sitting Bull. Fortunately for us, the warring tribes were away, or we might never have lived to reach our destination.

Most of the time the weather was hot, there was some rain and wind storms. One making the long drives to reach water the cattle sometimes suffered, especially was this true in Kansas.

At times the rivers were high and we had difficulty crossing. The men blocked the wagons to raise them above the water, to get the women and children across. The cattle would sometimes get frightened and hard to control.

One [Once] when crossing a swollen stream after the wagons had crossed and the men were trying to drive the cattle across, I sat on the other side watching my eldest son Alex, eighteen years old, riding a spirited young horse, plunging around in the swirling waters, trying to drive some of the cattle which seemed to be floating down and down stream, fear gripping my heart lest he lose his life trying to save these cattle.

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Before we reached Arizona, some of the families became discouraged and left the train going on to Texas.

We saw Mexicans for the first time when we came to New Mexico. We could not understand their language though from his knowledge of Latin, William made out a few of their words. They were amused at our attempts to talk to them.

There was no bridge over the Rio Grande, not much water but plenty of quicksand. One of the oxen had sore feet, and a cow that was not accustomed to the yoke had to be put in. While crossing in mid stream she became hard to manage and the wagon started going down the quick sand making it necessary for the men to wade it into help the wagon across.

We camped near Albuquerque, New Mexico, and during the night some Mexicans ran off six head of stock. Next morning the men followed them into a canyon found the stock and brought one of the Mexicans back to camp. Some of the younger men tried to frighten him by flourishing pistols about and sharpening knives. He watched his chance and soon made his escape. I felt a little worried for fear he would bring others to molest us, but nothing happened.

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We bought some supplies in Albuquerque and while there William met a Mr. Springer. When he learned we had cattle along with us he advised us to go to Springerville, which was then called Round Valley, said it was a good cattle country.

We came by way of Salt Lakes, New Mexico. There the men washed and sacked salt to bring along. From there we came to St. Johns and into Springerville by Becker's Lake. We were ten days coming from Albuquerque. Were on the road three months and sixteen days, arriving the 25th day of August, 1876. William kept a diary of the trip from the time of leaving until we arrived.

Of the various families starting in the wagon train there were only three left. Our family, Jim Rudd's family and the Bush family.

We got in about one or two o'clock in the afternoon, stopped very close to our present home, corralled the wagons and cooked dinner. Some Mexicans and a few white people gathered around to see the "New Comers."

Inquiries were made about a good camping place and we were directed to Water Canyon, about where the Ranger Station is now. Next day, William was called to deliver a baby for the wife of Leandro Carrello.

We lived in tents for about three weeks at this place, then were able to secure a house at the "Milligan Place", where we stayed until Spring. Bought a ranch on Rudd Creek, took our cattle out there where there was plenty of fine grass, built a house and lived there for a number of years.

The first year the men were busy building and fencing. They made 5000 rails that first winter. We started raising cattle and farming. The seed grain was mostly barley. Crops were put in the boys took care of the cattle and my husband practiced his medicine to some extent. He was well pleased with this country.

We had clothing enough to do us for awhile. With plenty of milk, butter, a few vegetables and our own meat or game, we got along very nicely. We cooked wheat and used it for a cereal. Sugar particularly was scarce. In those early years, we got most of our supplies from Albuquerque, or from Fort Apache

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and Indian trading Post. Rode horseback after our mail, or some one passing by brought it to us.

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Prescott was the nearest County Seat. Springerville was not much of a place, there were four white men and their wives, the rest were Mexicans. There was a very small store.

At first there was nothing much to fear, except Indians and there was no bother with them for three or four years. Friendly Indians sometimes passed with their families on a hunting trip.

Once they camped near our ranch. The chief came and talked to us. They camped closed by for a week. Again, we heard that Geronimo was coming but he came no closer than Alpine, Arizona.

The White Mountain tribes were civil and kept out warring tribes to some extent.

We had no furniture when we first came so our men cut down trees and made tables and beds and used ropes to make springs. Until we could buy a stove we cooked on the fireplace.

I had brought my cards with me. My oldest daughters and I carded spin and made cloth. Ben Rudd, younger brother of William, came out here with us. He made our spinning wheel. We knitted sox [socks] and stockings.

The first cloth we bought was calico at twenty five cents a yard, and we felt well dressed in it. We moulded candles out of tallow and made wicks out of cotton thread. It was some years before we bought our first lamp.

The Mexicans taught us how to irrigate our land, and we raised most of our food except coffee, sugar and flour.

We managed to get along though at times it was pretty hard and would have seemed more so had we not lived through the Civil War. We all kept fairly well which was a great comfort.

Our first carriage was a two horse carryall. There were no schools but Ben Rudd who had been a teacher, taught the children until later, we bought a house and lot in St. Johns moving there for the winter to put the children in school and back again to the ranch for the summer.

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More people began coming in and the country started settling up. There was a siege with outlaws and a great deal of gun play, and no law or order.

Three years after we came, the legislature cut off a part of Yavapai County and made Apache County. Two years later the country wanted a district attorney. There was a derth [dearth] of members of the legal profession. William was induced to take up the study of law. He got the newly revised statutes of 1877, an abbreviated copy of Blackstone, and a form book and went to work. Was admitted to the bar and elected first district attorney. Served four years, later he served one term by appointment of the governor as County Judge.

There being a lawless and dangerous element at this time and to enforce the law, without fear or favor, meant to jeopardize one's own life. Once when his life was threatened, in event of a certain decision, he had his rifle in easy reach to enforce, if need be, the mandate of justice and to protect himself in the performance of his sworn duty.

As the years went by, conditions began improving. We bought our home in Springerville, in the fall of

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1886. Springerville was growing. It had stores, a school, Sunday School, and very occasionally church services. These services were led in the school house, until our little church was built.

William continued his practice of medicine in which, he had been successful, throughout his eventful life. He lived the rest of his life in Apache County, except for the last few years, where he spent the winters in the southern part of the State. He had sold the ranch and bought a place near Glendale, Arizona.

He died in Wickenburg, at the residence of our son Davis, on the tenth of February, 1915. His masonic history covered a period of over sixty years. At his funeral the beautiful rites of the Masonic Service was conducted by Post Grand Master Frances A. Shaw.

The world is not as it was when I was growing up. We lived a quieter more simple life. Parents seemed to give more attention to teaching their children the seriousness of life. I do not know if the world is growing better. There are more people now and may be only a better chance finding out about the various kinds.

There have been many and great changes since I was born. Many more comforts and conveniences.

I do not regret that my life has been as it has and am glad to have lived in this age.

I believe circumstances come about that lead people to other places and that God guides us even though we do not ask him.

I believe that God does not take his people out of this world until their work is done.

I do not know why he had permitted me to live as long as he had, but think there must be something yet he wants me to do, and when it is done, he will take me.

I believe in another place of existence, a place of happiness for all who try to live right.

It has been my desire and I have tried to live a life that would be an example for my children when I am gone.

We should "Keep the heart with all diligence, for out of the heart comes the fruits of our lives."

Note: Above was secured by Katherine Randles and Freddie Phelps Hanson (daughter and great-grand daughter) in the summer of 1932. (Data for State record) Grand Mother Rudd passed away [underlined] in January 1933 [underlined] at the age of 96.

(Transcribed by Brandon King on 20 Apr 2016.)

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Eliza Catharine Mann Budd

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William had always wanted to go West. Wanted to go to a new country, get a new start and let his children grow up with the new country. He had been trying for some time to get all the information he could about the West. He happened to get a paper "The Prescott Courier", from Prescott, Arizona. He wrote the Editor asking for information and was sent a little pamphlet describing briefly, the six counties of the territory of Arizona. These were Yavapai, Maricopa, Mohave, Pima, Yuma and Pinal.

He decided that Arizona was the place he wanted to go. Quite naturally I did not share this desire. We had been through so many hardships and so much suffering, during the war, that to break up our home leave the place and people we loved, to go so far away into a new and to us unknown country, the thought of which seemed more than I could endure; but I made up my mind to leave it to the will of God to guide us and to lean upon his power to sustain. (so we began making our plans to go to the Gila in Arizona.



We were two months getting ready. We made a large tent and some wagon covers. Having no machine I did the stitching by hand. We took on this journey only our real needs. Bedding, feather beds of course, as people thought they could sleep on nothing else, clothes, food and cooking utensils. No furniture as there would be no room for extras, though I slipped in a favorite mirror, one of the wedding presents my father had given me. William took a few of his best books of course all of his medical books.

We wanted to take plenty of food, such as flour, cornmeal, coffee, sugar, bacon, a few dried vegetables and a great deal of dried fruit.

The day of leaving came all too soon. With tearful good-bys to friends and relatives, whom we felt we might never see again, we started early one morning, from Carroll County, in April 1876.

We had three wagons, drawn by oxen, as people told us that oxen could go longer without water than horses, forty head of cattle and six horses. William's brother Jim, and his family, went along and he drove a horse team. We were joined by the Jackson and Bush families. With the Bush family, came a young school master, Conway Bunch.

The first day we traveled eight miles, the next we organized. At one time William and nineteen others took a trip prospecting for gold, on the Red Fork of the Arkansas River, having heard there was gold here, but fear of Indians turned them back, so he got no gold but good experience. Because of this previous experience he was elected leader of the train.

On a smoky dun, seventeen hands high - named ~~Q~~Pomph- he rode horseback all the way at the head of the train, seeking out the best route.

Many times he had gone far ahead of the train or may be ridden out on some distant knoll searching the country, as far as the eye could see. I grew frightened and terribly worried thinking of Indians or other dangers that might be lurking around.



Other families joined us in Kansas. There were in all, twenty one wagons and two hundred head of cattle. The men on horses drove the cattle. A good day's drive, with no trouble, we could make about twenty miles. We travelled until we found a good place to camp, with water. Some days it might be ten o'clock at night before we made camp.

We camped in "formation", that is placing the wagons in a circle, for protection. The men took turns keeping guard at night. Some slept in tents, some in wagons. We went to bed early and got up at daylight.

The women did the cooking. Cows were milked at night, the milk strained and put into a churn. Sometimes the motion of the wagon would churn the milk into butter.

The different wagons took turns being in the lead. The lead wagon would drop back next day to the end of the train.

Fuel to cook with was often scarce. We used what ever we could find. Dry weeds, wood, and sometimes a little coal, though that was not so good in an open fire. In the buffalo country we burned dried buffalo chips.

At night we had fire light, a few lanterns and candles. We had molded up a lot of candles before starting on the trip. Sunday was kept as a day of rest both for ourselves and the stock. Sometimes in the evening we would get together and visit or sing. We stopped half day each week to do the family wash.

In Kansas we stopped a week. One of the women gave birth to a child, William being the only doctor in the train, was the attending physician.

There we saw the first buffalo. Killed some and dried the meat. We gathered many wild plums along the way.

We met cattlemen and hunters and inquired further directions. Travelled two weeks at one time up the Cimarron River without seeing a human being, other than those of our train.

We travelled by compass; sometimes the roads were good, sometimes bad, and again so faint we would have to search out our way across country.



We were always fearful of but had no trouble with Indians, though we saw signs of them. It so happened that at this time the Indians were off fighting in the Black Hills. It was about this time that General Custer was killed by the Sioux under Sitting Bull. Fortunately for us the warring tribes were away, or we might never have lived to reach our destination.

Most of the time the weather was hot, there was some rain and wind storms. On making the long drives to reach water the cattle sometimes suffered, especially was this true in Kansas.

At times the rivers were high and we had difficulty crossing. The men blocked the wagons to raise them above the water, to get the women and children across. The cattle would sometimes get frightened and hard to control.

One when crossing a swollen stream after the wagons had crossed and the men were trying to drive the cattle across, I sat on the other side watching my eldest son Alex, eighteen years old, riding a spirited young horse, plunging around in the swirling waters, trying to drive some of the cattle which seemed to be floating down and down stream, fear gripping my heart lest he lose his life trying to save these cattle.

Before we reached Arizona, some of the families became discouraged and left the train going on to Texas.

We saw Mexicans for the first time when we came to New Mexico. We could not understand their language though from his knowledge of latin, William made out a few of their words. They were amused at our attempts to talk to them.

There was no bridge over the Rio Grande, not much water but plenty of quicksand. One of the oxen had sore feet, and a cow that was not accustomed to the yoke had to be put in. While crossing in mid stream she became hard to manage and the wagon started going down in the quick sand making it necessary for the men to wade in to help the wagon across.

We camped near Albuquerque, New Mexico, and during the night some Mexicans ran off six head of stock. Next morning the men followed them into a canyon found the stock and brought one of the Mexicans back to camp. Some of the younger men tried to frighten him by flourishing pistols about and sharpening knives. He watched his chance and soon made his escape. I felt a little worried for fear he would bring others to molest us, but nothing happened.



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We bought some supplies in Albuquerque and while there William met a Mr Springer. When he learned we had cattle along with us he advised us to go to Springerville, which was then called Round Valley, said it was a good cattle country.

We came by way of Salt Lake, New Mexico. There the men washed and sacked salt to bring along. From there we came to St Johns and into Springerville by Becker's Lake. We were ten days coming from Albuquerque. Were on the road three months and sixteen days, arriving the 25th day of August, 1876. William kept a diary of the trip from the time of leaving until we arrived.

Of the various families starting in the wagon train there were only three left. Our family, Jim Rudd's family and the Bush family.

We got in about one or two o'clock in the afternoon, stopped very close to our present home, corralled the wagons and cooked dinner. Some Mexicans and a few white people gathered around to see the "New Comers."

Inquiries were made about a good camping place and we were directed to Water Canyon, about where the Ranger Station is now. Next day, William was called to deliver a baby for the wife of Leandro Carrello.

We lived in tents for about three weeks at this place, then were able to secure a house at the "Milligan Place", where we stayed until Spring. Bought a ranch on Rudd Creek, took our cattle out there where there was plenty of fine grass, built a house and lived there for a number of years.

The first year the men were busy building and fencing. They made 5000 rails that first winter. We started raising cattle and farming. The seed grain was mostly barley. Crops were put in the boys took care of the cattle and my husband practiced his medicine to some extent. He was well pleased with this country.

We had clothing enough to do us for awhile. With plenty of milk, butter, a few vegetables and our own meat or game, we got along very nicely. We cooked wheat and used it for a cereal. Sugar particularly was scarce. In those early years, we got most of our supplies from Albuquerque, or from Fort Apache and Indian trading Post. Rode horseback after our mail, or some one passing by brought it to us.



Prescott was the nearest County Seat. Springerville was not much of a place, there were four white men and their wives, the rest were Mexicans. There was a very small store.

At first there was nothing much to fear, except Indians and there was no bother with them for three or four years. Friendly Indians sometimes passed with their families on a hunting trip.

Once they camped near our ranch. The chief came and talked to us. They camped close by for a week. Again, we heard that Geronimo was coming but he came no closer than Alpine, Arizona.

The White Mountain tribes were civil and kept out warring tribes to some extent.

We had no furniture when we first came so our men cut down trees and made tables and beds and used ropes to make springs. Until we could buy a stove we cooked on the fireplace.

I had brought my cards with me. My oldest daughters and I carded spun and made cloth. Ben Rudd, younger brother of William, came out here with us. He made our spinning wheel. We knitted socks and stockings.

The first cloth we bought was calico at twenty five cents a yard, and we felt well dressed in it. We moulded candles out of tallow and made wicks out of cotton thread. It was some years before we bought our first lamp.

The Mexicans taught us how to irrigate our land, and we raised most of our food except coffee, sugar and flour.

We managed to get along though at times it was pretty hard and would have seemed more so had we not lived through the Civil War. We all kept fairly well which was a great comfort.

Our first carriage was a two horse carryall. There were no schools but Ben Rudd who had been a teacher, taught the children until later, we bought a house and lot in St Johns moving there for the winter to put the children in school and back again to the ranch for the summer.



More people began coming in and the country started settling up. There was a siege with outlaws and a great deal of gun play, and no law or order.

Three years after we came, the legislature cut off a part of Yavapai County and made Apache County. Two years later the country wanted a district attorney. There was a dearth of members of the legal profession. William was induced to take up the study of law. He got the newly revised statutes of 1877, an abbreviated copy of Blackstone, and a form book and went to work. Was admitted to the bar and elected first district attorney. Served four years, later he served one term by appointment of the governor as County Judge.

There being a lawless and dangerous element at this time and to enforce the law, without fear or favor, meant to jeopardize one's own life. Once when his life was threatened, in event of a certain decision, he had his rifle in easy reach to enforce, if need be, the mandate of justice and to protect himself in the performance of his sworn duty.

As the years went by, conditions began improving. We bought our home in Springerville, in the fall of 1886. Springerville was growing. It had stores, a school, Sunday School, and very occasionally church services. These services were held in the school house, until our little church was built.

William continued his practice of medicine in which, he had been successful, throughout his eventful life. He lived the rest of his life in Apache County, except for the last few years, where he spent the winters in the southern part of the State. He had sold the ranch and bought a place near Glendale, Arizona.

He died in Wickenburg, at the residence of our son Davis, on the tenth of February, 1915. His masonic history covered a period of over sixty years. At his funeral the beautiful rites of the Masonic Service was conducted by Past Grand Master Frances A. Shaw.



The world is not as it was when I was growing up. We lived a quieter more simple life. Parents seemed to give more attention to teaching their children the seriousness of life. I do not know if the world is growing better. There are more people now and may be only a better chance finding out about the various kinds.

There have been many and great changes since I was born. Many more comforts and conveniences.

I do not regret that my life has been as it has and am glad to have lived in this age.

I believe circumstances come about that lead people to other places and that God guides us even though we do not ask him.

I believe that God does not take his people out of this world until their work is done.

I do not know why he has permitted me to live as long as he has, but think there must be something yet he wants me to do, and when it is done, he will take me.

I believe in another place of existence, a place of happiness for all who try to live right.

It has been my desire and I have tried to live a life that would be an example for my children when I am gone.

We should "Keep the heart with all diligence, for out of the heart comes the fruits of our lives."

Note: Above was secured by Katharine Randles and Freddie Phelps Hanson (daughter and great-grand daughter) in the summer of 1932. (Data for State records)  
Grand Mother Rudd passed away in January 1933 at the age of 96.